

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"What thou seest, write—and send unto the churches."

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THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.
PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD,
HARTFORD, CONN.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A COMMITTEE OF THE
CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION.

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PROVINCIAL COUNCILS.

Our readers will recollect that we last week gave them an article from the *Conn. Observer* upon the subject of Provincial Councils of the Romish clergy. We now give them the following account of such a Council lately held in Baltimore; and as the account is from a paper conducted by the Romanists, and devoted to their interests, there can be no mistake about it. The effects of such conclaves in our country, by men wholly under the direction of a foreign spiritual and temporal despot, will be felt much sooner than is by many apprehended.

Provincial Council of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Catholic Herald of the 20th of April says :

On Sunday last, agreeable to the notice already given, the third Provincial Council of Baltimore was solemnly opened. The procession to the church had a very imposing effect. The thurifer, bearing the mystic incense, and accompanied by the assistant master of ceremonies, preceded the cross-bearer and acolytes. The clergy then followed two by two; those who were in sacred orders, with the vestments of their order; and the priests in chasubles. The bishops succeeded in the same order in cap and mitre. Then the archbishop preceded, and attended by his customary ministers.

The chanters of the council (Rev. Messrs. Nandane and Frede) intoned the 'Miserere,' as the procession issued from the archbishop's house, and the whole psalm was sung by the clergy in the solemn tones of the Gregorian chant, while the procession was passing round to the front door of the cathedral, and advancing up the aisle. On entering the church, the organ accompanied the chant of the clergy with its rich and solemn tones; and when the prelates and clergy had arrived at the seats prepared for them, the sanctuary presented a spectacle which must have fixed the attention of every beholder; but which, to the eye of faith, must have been inconceivably sublime, and deeply affecting. There, clothed in the rich and sacred robes emblematic of the offices they held, were ranged round the splendid marble altar, brilliantly lit up, men of many different nations, whom a common faith united in the strictest bonds of religious communion, and whom zeal in a common cause had drawn together to diffuse the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and to lay broad and deep the foundations of the American Church. When we viewed this splendid assemblage of ministers of religion encircling its altar, we could not but feel deeply convinced that the Savior's promise to be with his church was not given in vain, for we saw among the assembled prelates and clergy, many who were alike distinguished for their varied learning and saintly piety. After the Mass *De Spiritu Sancto* had been solemnly sung by the archbishop; the Right Rev. Dr. Kendrick preached on the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th verses of the 9th chapter of the Book of Wisdom, and showed how the argument and language of Solomon, in his prayer for heavenly wisdom, were applicable on the occasion, when the bishops of the church were assembled to deliberate on its most important interests. The prelates and clergy then sang the 68th Psalm, and the council was solemnly opened in the usual form. The second solemn session is fixed for Thursday next, and the third and last public session will take place on Sunday next, at 10 o'clock. We augur much good to religion from the present council, in which a spirit of harmony appears to prevail, that cannot but produce beneficial results.

The second solemn session of this assembly was held on Thursday, the 20th inst. Previous to the session, a solemn Mass of requiem was sung by the Right Rev. Dr. Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, for the souls of the deceased prelates and clergy of this province. At the termination of Mass, the Right Rev. Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston, delivered an eloquent and very argumentative discourse on the doctrine of Purgatory, which he proved to have been always a doctrine of the Christian Church, by adducing, at considerable length, the testimonies of the most distinguished doctors of the church, from the twelfth, back to the second century of the Christian era. Besides this argument which the learned prelate developed with considerable effect, he also referred to some of the many councils, which, during the same interval of time, had directly recognized, or, in their enactments, evidently supposed the doctrine of a middle state. The liturgies of the ancient church, in all of which are found prayers for the dead, the agreement on this point, as on others of the oriental schisms with the Latin Church—an agreement which evidently shows that the doctrine was professed anterior to the date of their unhappy

separation, and the well ascertained faith and practices of the ancient and modern Jews, were more than briefly alluded to, and the important arguments deduced from these sources, very powerfully and eloquently insisted on. In concluding his discourse, he paid a well-merited tribute of respect to the memories of the late Archbishop of Besancon, the Most Rev. Dr. Dubourg, formerly Bishop of New Orleans; of the excellent Cardinal Cheverus, formerly Bishop of Boston; and of the late Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. Dr. Whitfield—all of whom died since the assembling of the second Provincial Council in October, 1833.

The Council terminated on Sunday last, on which day was held the third and last solemn session. The Bishop of Charleston preached again on this occasion, on the 25th verse of the 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. In a lucid and forcible manner he explained the constitution of the Christian Church, and the nature of the mysterious symbols which Christ had committed to its dispensation. After the sermon and the usual invocation of the Holy Ghost, the prelates successfully signed the decrees of the Council on the altar. Previous to the parting salutation, the Archbishop addressed the prelates by whom he was surrounded, in a brief, but very affecting discourse. The Bishop of Charleston, on the part of the other Bishops, made a few remarks on the address of the Archbishop, which, we believe, might be placed among the happiest efforts of extemporaneous speaking. Thus ended a Council which, we believe, will have very important and beneficial consequences connected with the promotion of religion, and the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline in the United States.

The prelates present on this occasion were ten in number, including the Archbishop, the Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston.

Three other prelates were absent, one being in Europe, another called away by urgent affairs, and a third who had set out from a remote diocese, not having succeeded in reaching Baltimore before the close of the Council.

The following facts furnish an appropriate supplemental and practical exposition of the authority of Romish councils as given above; and shows us clearly what estimate the deluded followers of Popery are taught to put upon all bibles published by Protestants. Papish priests burn the Bible because they hate it.

VALUE OF A PAPIST'S OATH.

From the London Protestant Journal, for November, 1836, I extract the ensuing paragraph :—

"The little scruple felt by the Romanists of Ireland to commit perjury, when sworn on a Protestant Bible, must necessarily lead to most demoralizing results. At an arbitration in Longford county, in which a considerable amount of property was involved, a Papist farmer was sworn in the usual way. After he had proceeded to give his testimony, a gentleman present requested that the witness might withdraw, as he had something of importance to communicate. The witness having retired, the gentleman stated that he could prove from personal knowledge, that the greater part of his evidence was pure falsehood, and requested that he might be sworn in such a way as to meet the superstitious feelings of the witness. Accordingly it was arranged that two keys should be laid crossing each other on the Bible, to represent the keys of Peter, and that over those the Romish witness should be sworn. He was accordingly called in and told he must be sworn after the manner prescribed. He refused most peremptorily; and it was only because he was threatened with imprisonment if he persisted in his refusal, that with great trepidation and reluctance, he consented. He immediately contradicted all his former statements; thus proving that he regarded an oath according to Protestant obligations, to be of no authority. It is therefore obvious that there can be no dependence placed upon a Papist's oath."

The preceding occurrence is exactly similar to a fact which occurred some time ago in Westchester county Court; where a Papist from New-York, told so utterly an incredible story, that this sign of a cross was made with ink upon the Bible, and he was again sworn. When called up the second time and sworn by a Papist Testament, as he thought, he then affirmed every thing precisely true, but in direct opposition to all that he had been stating before a few moments before.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

From the (Hartford) Watchman.

IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY CONSIDER.

In seasons of calamity several things are especially to be considered. Among them is our own personal criminality, by which we have personally contributed our share to the causes of calamity. Have we indulged in no forbidden practice, no unlawful feelings or motives? Are we wedded to no vice, which lurks under a specious name or dress? Have we had no inordinate love of money, no idolatrous attachment to our farms, our merchandize, our shops, our manufactures, our banks, our canals, our rail roads, our ships, our steam boats, our cotton, our flour, or some worldly interest or indulgence? Have we done justly in all respects by our neighbor, by the widow and the fatherless, our servants and laborers, and those that had none to help them? Have we

been faithful to our engagements, and though we may have sworn to our own hurt, yet have we fulfilled our word—have we taken no advantage of circumstances to slip away our shoulders, and leave a burden on our brother which we were bound in all good conscience to bear with him? Is there no tear of sorrow, no pang of grief, which we have occasioned by our unkindness and prejudice, which, though not openly exhibited in complaint to man, yet secretly witnesses against us in the ear of a God of equity? These things are to be considered. And more profitable would it be to consider them, than to be pouring out complaints against rulers, and the times, and even against Providence. These things are to be considered, because it is the design of divine visitations to bring men to consider upon their way. And it is the more important that men should be urged to consideration, in this respect, because they are prone to overlook their personal responsibility in this matter. Man is eagle-eyed in respect to the faults of his neighbor, while he is blind to his own. And if every individual can transfer the blame to some one else, the result will be no blame at all. A nation is made up of individuals, national character is an aggregate of individual character, at least of a great majority. It is then impossible that there should be so much national corruption as to require the judgments of heaven, the fire, the frost, the unfruitful season, the evil ruler, &c. and yet personal character and conduct be correct. No—as every man pays his share to the public revenue, so every man contributes his share to public calamity. And in such a day of divine rebuke as the present, it is important for every man to ask—*What have I done?* and to commence reformation at his own door.

Another thing to be considered, is such a season as the present, is the hand of God in these visitations. These things are not the offspring of chance. Men may talk, if they will, about luck and fortune, or curse their stars—still there is a God, whose is the kingdom, and who ruleth over all the affairs of men.—And thus they whose mercies will not influence to acknowledge and obey him, will be taught with judgments. It is, then, worthy of our serious consideration, whether this God has not a controversy with us, and whether his dealings do not call us to humiliation, fasting, and prayer. It may be entirely proper to address our rulers for a redress of grievances so far as they can grant it; concerning this we would say nothing. But have we no petitions to send up to the throne of heaven? Have we no concerns to adjust at the court of our Almighty Sovereign? What have piety and consideration dictated on such occasions as the present, in past ages? Did not even self-love lead proud Nineveh and her king to humble themselves before the God of heaven, in view of impending judgments? Did not Pharaoh relent, and Ahab walk softly, merely from selfish fear? What then ought a nation, professedly Christian, to do; especially, what ought the churches of Christ of every name to do in this day of our distress? What would our fathers have done? Was it not their invariable practice, on emergencies like the present, to humble themselves, to confess their sins, and to implore the forgiveness and mercy of God? We confess that, while calamity presses so heavily upon us, the entire silence on the subject of acknowledging God and supplicating his favor, strikes us as ominous of still greater evils.—When the cholera, a few years since, set its foot on our shores, and the fact occasioned universal consternation, the churches in some portions of our country, at least, set apart a day of fasting and prayer, and looked to God for protection; and the consequence was that the plague was stayed, or entirely averted. Have the churches forgotten these things? And now, as we are on the eve of various ecclesiastical meetings in this part of the country, we would take the liberty to suggest the subject of a season of fasting and prayer, with reference to the judgments which we feel and which we fear, as worthy of their attention.

When the judgments of God are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants thereof shall learn righteousness. This is to be hoped and desired, and when it is matter of fact, the judgments will be converted into mercies. But when otherwise, what can be expected but still heavier strokes of the rod? These last remarks are made in view of the fact, that a number of our citizens in this city and neighboring towns, have petitioned the Legislature for a law to authorize theatrical exhibitions in our midst. Such a step, at any time and in any circumstances, would have been greatly to be deplored by every friend to good order or good morals. But now, in the midst of distress, and surrounded with universal gloom, this measure looks like braving the Almighty—like rushing on the thick bosses of his buckler. As though we have not causes of corruption enough already in operation—as though our youth and children are not sufficiently exposed to snares on every side, the charms of a theatre must be added. It is indeed afflicting to witness such blindness, such infatuation. Grant not, O Lord, the desires of the wicked, nor further his wicked devices.

We have reason to account those happy afflictions, which pass between us and our sins, and, by sensible conviction of the variety of the world, that great idol, cool our affections to it, and lower our expectations from it.—*Henry.*

From the Cross and Journal.

Newark, O., April 26, 1837.

Bro. STEVENS:—The following poetry is copied from a Baptist publication in the principality of Wales. If you think it worthy of being published in the Cross and Journal, it is at your service.—D. E. T.

In June, 1793, printed queries from London, were addressed to most of the popular ministers in England, to which an answer was requested, on, or before the 15th of July. The following was the answer of the late Rev. SAMUEL MEDLEY, of Liverpool.

In what county is your place of worship situated?

In one that's sea-washed all the year,
Yuletide in authors—Lancashire.

In what town, parish, or village?

In one where sin makes many a fool,
Known by the name of Liverpool.

Is it a church, chapel, or meeting?

Why, my good sir, 'tis very true,
'Tis chapel, church, and meeting too;
And in it things both old and new.

By what denomination of professing christians is your congregation distinguished?

By one that's most despised of all,
What folks, in general, Baptist call.

Will you favor us with your Christian and sir-name at length, as the minister of the place, with your degree or any other addition?

My Christian name is called a Saint,
My sir-name, rather odd and quaint;
But to explain the whole with ease,
Saint Samuel Medley, if you please;
And you from hence may plainly see
That I have taken A Degree.

Have you an assistant minister—be pleased to subjoin his name.

O, yes! I've one of whom I boast,
His name is called the Holy Ghost!

When are your stated times of worship?

On Lord's day, thrice;
On week days, twice.

What number of people attend?

Ah, many come, my worthy friend;
I dare not say they all attend:
But tho' so many, great and small,
I never number them at all;
For that was once poor David's fall.

By what means was the Gospel first introduced, and what particular providence attended its introduction?

'Twas the good hand of God, no doubt,
That brought this blest event about;
But this took place so long ago,
That what then happened, I don't know.

What success has the Gospel had, and what opposition has it met with?

All the success that God designed,
On dead, and dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And though opposed by earth and hell,
The Lord the Spirit owns it still.

What is the present state of your church, and what encouraging prospects of future usefulness?

The church is in the wilderness;
And as for future usefulness,
The pleasing prospect is—free grace.

If a meeting or chapel, when or by whom was it first built?

'Twas built and finished where it stands,
Like other places—by men's hands;
And as upon the wall is seen,
In seventeen hundred eighty nine.

Is it incumbered with debt, &c.?

Incumbered with debt,
It is certainly yet,
Tho' I at present don't state it;
But if ever from home
I a-begging should come,
I'll readily to you relate it.

What are the names of the stated ministers who have labored in your place from its commencement to the present period?

Not many, as you will quickly see;

The only one has been—poor me.

What particulars concerning all, or any one of them, or their writings, do you think will interest the public attention?

Why, I of this question—of great or of small,
To the best of my knowledge, know nothing at all.

What places in your neighborhood do you supply, which have no stated minister?

Indeed, good sir, I seldom roam,
For I have full employ at home.

Is your neighborhood favorable to the Gospel? What obstructs its progress? and can you suggest any method for spreading it more effectually?

Our neighborhood, as I suppose,
But little of the Gospel knows,
And less of love unto it shows:
And for obstructions—why, the chief
Are ignorance and unbelief;
And the best means to make it spread,
Is power from Christ—the church's head.

Have any remarkable providences taken place, &c.?

Yes, many, tho' I think it best

They be not publicly expressed.

We will thank you for a list of the ministers and places where the Gospel is faithfully preached in your county?

The places are many, and ministers too,
But I can't recollect them to send them to you.

Please to add the name of the book-seller, &c.

The bookseller, whom I retain,
Is called—Mr. Samuel Crane.
And thus to your queries I've made a reply,
Which you will receive the fifteenth of July,
And for the present, sir—good bye.

ADDRESS

To the Associations, Churches, Ministers, and Members of the Baptist denomination in the United States, the Executive Committee of the American Baptist Home Mission Society send Christian salutation.

Beloved Brethren,

Our lines have fallen to us at a period of the church when God, by his providence, is opening wide fields for moral and philanthropic culture, and his summons to labor, considering our numerical and actual strength as a denomination, comes not to us in the faintest accents. He has given us a great work to do—to *at home*, to say nothing of the part he designs us to take in the labor and honor of carrying the gospel, written and oral, to the ends of the earth.

The Committee do not come at this late day to ask you to recognise Home Missions as a charitable and benevolent institution; this you have long since done, and some of you have clearly perceived that in its primary and ultimate bearing upon the destinies of the world, (we speak not in hyperbole), *on the destinies of the world*, it is second to no other. It seeks not to divide the palm with kindred societies, all of which are of paramount importance in their several spheres, but it does claim to be a *primum mobile*, a generator of power, the *big wheel* in the system, which has its place indeed in the basement, is less seen and less admired, but which sends motion and velocity through all the

sides, there are letters on our table from several ministers, who have made their duty a subject of prayer, inquiring for a western location with an assurance of support. The question again is, what shall we do? Dismiss or reject them we dare not, lest we sin against Christ and his church; to respond to their calls without the prospect of meeting our pledges is equally embarrassing.

We have thus, fathers and brethren, laid our situation before you. It is a cause alike dear to you and to us. We cannot, we will not doubt the ultimate triumph of the Home Mission enterprise, if judiciously conducted. It will receive a fair proportion of the charities of the churches, but *what shall be done in the present emergency?* That is the question we submit. Many of our most liberal friends find it not in their power to do anything. Who shall assume the burden? Do we not hear tens of thousands saying, "O that it were in my power to afford relief, but my means are small, I can do but little." Very well, because you can do but little, we entreat you not therefore to do nothing. Let every one do a little and do it promptly, and relief will come. The present is a suitable time to make sacrifices for God. If you cannot give largely, remember that He loveth the *cheerful* giver. A thousand persons give one dollar each, is equal to one man giving a thousand dollars. *How much owest thou unto my Lord?* In the day of adversity, when his chastening hand is stretched out to teach men the uncertainty of all worldly possessions, let us not forget the cause of Christ. Let not our retrenchments begin at the house of God, or in our religious charities. As ever, the gospel is the power of God unto salvation. The souls of our dying fellow-men are precious as ever; and never were they more exposed to eternal death. Men of Israel, help; our appeal is to you, to your sense of duty, your love of souls, your patriotism, and your piety; shall means be furnished?

In behalf and by order of the Executive Committee.

JONATHAN GOING, Corresponding Secretary.

LUTHER CRAWFORD, Secretaries.

N. B. Remittances, however small, are requested to be made without delay.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN & FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The President, Spencer H. Cone, of New York, took the chair, at 7, P. M., and after the introductory exercises, addressed the meeting:—

Brethren and Friends!—The occasion which has convened us is one of surpassing interest. Borne along by circumstances which we could neither anticipate nor control; cut off from resources upon which we had been accustomed, perhaps, too much to rely; and having examined the signs of the times with prayerful solicitude, we have at length been constrained to organize a distinct society for the printing and circulation of the Sacred Scriptures. To this course we have been impelled not merely by the fact that the Calcutta, the British and Foreign, and the American Bible Societies, have combined in the determination to afford no further aid to versions made by Baptist missionaries; *versions which obvious duty binds us promptly and adequately to sustain*;—but the measure has been imperatively demanded by the cry of the destitute; by the ardent desire of many of our churches to come up to the help of the Lord, in this matter, against the mighty; and by the peculiar facilities now afforded us in the glorious work of Bible distribution.

In communicating to the human family the gracious plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, *holy men of God spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.* Not only did they deliver the sentiments, but the very words of Jehovah. The sacred penmen were no more left to their own wisdom in the selection and arrangement of sentences, than in the choice of the facts or doctrines, the promises or threatenings, they should at any time promulgate. Much has been said by the learned, about the different degrees and kinds of inspiration pertaining to different portions of the Bible; but as these speculations are never based upon *thus saith the Lord!* the conclusion is inevitable, that they are wise above what is written. The Scriptures claim for every jot and tittle of themselves, the same plenary and verbal inspiration. *All Scripture is given by inspiration of God!* He breathed into the writers the lively oracles; and whether the words of the Lord were spoken by the mouth of his servant David; whether his messages were confined to prophets or apostles; and whether they comprehended the import of their own annunciations or not; *they all spake as the Spirit gave them utterance.* If this reasoning be not conclusive, it is evident that we need a second revelation, by which to ascertain what portion of the first is the word of God.

The gift of inspiration, it is true, is not vouchsafed to modern missionaries and translators; nevertheless, in connexion with their high vocation, the doctrine we advocate is of immense moment. Under its influence, not a single word can be intentionally neglected, obscured, or perverted; but giving themselves to diligent study and to fervent prayer, "they will make it their sole aim to present to the nations the word of life, in its nearest approach to the mind of God, contained in the original record."

Among the errors and frauds which have marked the rise and progress of the Papal Hierarchy, *handling the word of the Lord deceitfully*, certainly is not the least. To keep back any part of the price; to add to, or take from, the words of the Book, is a crime of no questionable character—the curse of the Almighty rests upon it! The Romish priesthood have always withheld the Scriptures from the laity as far as practicable; and when this could no longer be done, their efforts have been to obscure the light of divine truth, and to incorporate with their several translations, the distinguishing dogmas of their religion. In the

accomplishment of this object, the *translating* of Greek terms, instead of *translating* them, has proved to be a most successful device. The hollow pretext for this conduct has been, that they were ecclesiastical or sacred words, invested with a certain mysterious meaning, which could not be appropriately and fully expressed in other tongues. Hence in the English Testament, prepared by the Jesuits of Rheims in 1582, we find *Paravee, Azymes, Neophyte, Pasche, Tunike, Holocaust, Baptize*, and a multitude of others;—*Gratia, in Roman letters, with English termination, "introduced, not with the desire of sincerity, but rather of obscurity, so that their translation needed to be translated over again*, as Fuller, the historian, has long since observed.

We cannot but deeply deplore the effect of this system, in perverting the ordinance of baptism, and establishing in its place, to a wide extent, *infant sprinkling*, which the learned and venerable Gill has justly called, "*a part and pillar of Popery.*" The history of this perversion is exceedingly plain. The church of Rome decreed that the Latin translation revised by Jerome, usually called the *vulgate*, should be the *infallible standard* of divine truth. It was published by Pope Sixtus 5th, with many alterations, and the seal of *infallibility* was affixed to his edition. His successor, Pope Clement 8th, however, suppressed it as *swarming with errors*, and brought out another *infallible standard*, differing from the former in more than two thousand instances! And yet, even in this expurgated edition, false renderings, both numerous and gross, have been pointed out by those profound scholars and theologians, Cartwright and Fulke, in their refutation of the Romish Testament, who confidently assert, "*that compared with the authentic Greek text, it is in many places, ridiculous, insincere, untrue; and consequently, of no authority, much less majesty.*" In this version, used by Papists, for the maintenance of their "*prodigious structure of imposture and wickedness*," *baptizo* and its cognates are invariably *Latinized—never translated*; and the same policy was pursued in all European versions, wherever the authority of the "*man of sin*" prevailed. The unlearned, not being permitted to read in their own tongues wherein they were born, what God required of believers, were compelled to rely upon their spiritual guides, and they told them that *baptizo* signified to *sprinkle, or pour, or christen*; that it was *too holy to be translated*; and that its meaning was as immaterial, as it was indefinite.—And so, *unhappily*, one of the important ordinances of the gospel, described by the Holy Spirit as with a sunbeam, has been covered up and hid from the great mass of the people, by the *Popish artifice of transfer*.

The Baptists in every age and in every clime, from the days of Paul, when the sect was everywhere spoken against, to the present hour, have been the steadfast friends of the *voluntary principle*, in whatever pertains to religion. They maintain, to use the language of a forcible writer, "*that man cannot be born into a system of faith, nor be surrendered in infancy or age to a form of religion, but may assert his right to judge for himself; to examine and decide under the loftiest conviction, that God has not made him a slave.* To acknowledge no clerical or secular domination, but scorn, with becoming indignation, every attempt to subdue reason by enforcing the dogmas of a party, and hold with determined fidelity, the high 'vantage ground assigned them by their Creator."

No man is born Baptist. Membership in our churches is matter of choice, after the *Christian character* is formed.

The *compulsory system*, which tramples upon the freedom of judgment and will, is written in the history of our denomination in characters of blood. The Baptists, in the valleys of Piedmont, in Germany, Bohemia, France, Wales, and New England, have been the subjects of the most unrelenting persecutions. They were fined, imprisoned, banished, and massacred;—not upon the principle of retaliation because they had persecuted others; nor for any immorality laid to their charge; but because they immersed willing converts; and opposed the baptism of unwilling infants; and refused to receive for doctrine the commandments of men; and adhered, with unyielding integrity, to the great Bible principle, *liberty of conscience the inalienable birthright of man!* Attachment to this sentiment has resulted in our separation from the American Bible Society.—The managers of that institution interfered with the *conscience* of Baptist missionaries, in the execution of their trust as translators of God's holy book; requiring them to make versions that might be consistently used by the several denominations composing the society, as the *indispensable condition of future patronage*. Believing that "the Bible should control human opinions, and that the creeds of different sects ought never to govern the Bible," we have disallowed the rule adopted by the A. B. S., and *ceasing from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, would lift up our eyes to the hills whence our help cometh.* The brethren in England, placed in similar circumstances, have presented a protest, (signed by five hundred and forty-four Baptist ministers) to the British and Foreign Bible Society, remonstrating against the *sectarian resolution* of that institution, which refuses aid to brother Yates' improved version of the Bengalee New Testament.

Our missionaries in the mean time, are pursuing the even tenor of their way, and continue with untiring zeal, to deliver to the heathen, with all attainable accuracy, the unadulterated word of truth. To sustain them in their work of faith and labor of love, and to circulate, according to its ability, the most faithful versions of the Scriptures that can be procured, that sinners may be saved and God glorified, is the single object of the American and Foreign Bible Society. "*The Lord bless your new institution,*" is the prayer of Pearce, "*may all*

the American Baptists aid its funds, and entreat for it God's blessing; and may British Baptists follow your example!"

In the commencement of our enterprise, we have much reason to thank God and take courage. Our hearts are cheered by the countenances of the brethren, and the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. We dwell in the land where Roger Williams first recognised the broad principle of religious liberty in connexion with civil government; a principle which has since become an essential feature in the noble institutions of these confederated states. America is the land of the Baptists. Here are no courts of inquisition, nor acts of uniformity; no union of church and state, nor sword of the magistrate in the hand of religious despotism! We can preach as we print, and print as we preach, and have none to make us afraid.

In the prosecution of our work, we know too much of men and things not to expect disappointments and difficulties; but we also know that "faith is given to be tried, and difficulties are created to be overcome." Our reliance for strength to draw the sword, and for skill to aim right, is placed alone upon the God of the Bible; and should he condescend to smile upon our endeavors, the *name* of our Society will fully describe the *field* of its future operations. But the Corresponding Secretary has prepared a detailed report of the operations of the Society, and I will no longer detain you from the pleasure and information which that document is calculated to impart. Permit me in conclusion only to say, that we have acted in all this matter from the deep and abiding conviction, that the *faithful and true witness* called us to engage in this great and good work; and we bless his holy name that in the midst of considerations most delicate and embarrassing, He condescended to afford us light and fortitude promptly to commence, and steadily to prosecute it; and we deem it no presumption to hope that it will be remembered with gratitude by millions, when the deaf shall hear the words of the Book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity. And now we humbly entreat thee, O Lord our God, satisfy us early with thy mercy, and make us glad according to the years wherein we have seen evil! Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us! Yes, the work of our hands establish thou it!

Just Retribution.—Our readers will recollect, that we gave them last week the rebuke administered by the Editor of the New York Baptist Register to the Rev. John Wayland and Thomas Curtis, Baptist ministers, for their remarks at the late Annual meeting of the American Bible Society in New York. We now give below the strictures of the Rev. John Dowling of New York, (who was a hearer) upon the same subject.

We reiterate these remarks because we will not remain silent witnesses of reproach, (either implied or expressed) cast upon our denomination by its own ministers, in presence of wonder-stricken thousands, let their motives be what they may.

From the American Baptist.

STRUCTURES ON MR. CURTIS' SPEECH.

Thursday Afternoon, May 11, 1836.

Mr. Editor,—I have just returned from the anniversary of the American Bible Society.—Never did I retire from any religious meeting with my feelings so deeply wounded and mortified as from this. I am, from principle, opposed to attacks upon individuals for exercising the right of private judgment; yet the public declarations of public men become public property, and he who unwise or unkindly exposes himself to correction or to censure must be prepared to meet it. I shall make no apology therefore for the following strictures upon the speech of the Rev. Thomas Curtis, of Maine—firstly, because justice requires that the erroneous impressions produced on the minds of that large audience, should be corrected by somebody; secondly, because brother Curtis is like myself, an Englishman, and the native generosity and courtesy of American brethren towards strangers who dwell among them might possibly prevent them from doing justice to themselves; and thirdly, because I have my fears lest the opinions or brother C. expressed at the Bible anniversary should be considered as an index to the opinions of the body of his countrymen who have settled in America. So far is this from being the case, that among the large number of transatlantic brethren, both ministers and laymen with whom I have conversed on the subject, I can find, with scarcely an exception, but one opinion—that of cordial and decided approbation of the A. and F. B. S., and entire disapproval of the A. and F. B. S., and entire disapproval of the unhappy course pursued by brother C. at the

Had the meeting been one which allowed of debate, I would have endeavored, on the spot, to counteract the impressions, which must have been produced on the minds of the audience by his address, and to set before them in their true colors, the conduct, the motives and the objects of my Baptist brethren in forming a distinct Bible Society. I confess, Mr. Editor, I do not feel afraid that the uncalled for attack of brother C. upon the A. and F. B. S. will injure that Society; yet I feel exceedingly grieved that the attack should have been made especially in such an assembly, and on such an occasion. I was grieved for the honor of my denomination, that recent solemn act of that denomination, agreed upon by an immense majority of probably the largest Baptist Convention ever assembled, should be held up to contempt, as an object for the finger of scorn to point at, by one of her own members. I was grieved for the cause of Christian Union, because I cannot doubt, for a moment, that the tendency of declamation, such as that in which brother C. indulged himself, is to widen the breach already existing between the adherents

of the A. B. S., and that very large majority of the Baptists of this country who are cordially united in the A. and F. B. S. I was grieved for the sake of the respected and beloved brethren at home, who, impelled by a sacred regard for Bible truth, have planted the new Society by their prayers and watered it with their tears,—no less than for the dear missionary brethren abroad, who, in communications which will soon be laid before the public, have hailed it as a rainbow of hope, amid the dark clouds thrown around their prospects in giving the Bible to the heathen, by the recent decisions of other Societies. But more than all, I was grieved for the cause of truth, because I feel assured that that large audience went away with impressions on their minds in relation to the new Society and its designs, which are inconsistent with truth.

As I took no notes of the speeches, I shall

not notice the extravagant, but hackneyed eulogiums pronounced by brother C. upon the A. B. S. (the Bible Society *proper*, as he was pleased to say, he supposed it must now be called.) I have been endeavoring to call to mind something in the shape of an argument, in support of the various positions assumed by brother C. in his extraordinary speech. I suppose if there was a single argument in it, it will appear in the printed report of his speech; I am however honest in saying, that all I can recollect, consists of mere assertions without even the attempt at argument or proof. Brother C. asserted, (if I understood him,) that no single denomination could consistently form themselves into a Bible Society. The foundation of this assertion appeared to be, that it is essential to the very nature of such a Society, that it consists of different denominations or sects holding different sentiments. Now it occurred to my mind, and probably to many others,—if this doctrine is true, then error is essential to the existence of a Society to give the word of truth to the world; because difference of sentiment cannot possibly exist without error on the one side or the other. Alas! for the almost idolized Bible Society, when the watchmen shall see eye to eye, and error shall all disappear before the light of heavenly truth. If this were to take place in highly favored America, while yet a portion of the world was in darkness, according to the above doctrine, the Bible Society must then die a natural death, and Christians could no more unite, as a Society, in giving the Bible to the destitute.—

But, Mr. Editor, I will neither waste your time nor that of your readers, in attempting to prove what is self evident, (notwithstanding the assertions of brother C.) that any body of believers in Christ of any denomination or of no denomination, have a right, and may consistently form a Bible Society, for the purpose of presenting God's holy word in its purity to the whole world.

Admitting, however, that brother C. was fully persuaded of all he said about the inconsistency of any distinct Bible Society, what could be his object in urging this subject upon the American Bible Society? After a full and fair opportunity of expressing his views in the convention of his Baptist brethren at Philadelphia, was it courteous, was it respectful, was it kind towards them, to pursue such a course as he adopted at this anniversary of the A. B. S. especially, as a reply would have been inadecorous, and he knew, on that occasion, was not to be feared? I have reason to believe, (notwithstanding the gratified smile which played on the countenances of many at every thrust made by brother C. at the new Society,) that his address was received by a large portion of the most sensible Pedobaptists, with a feeling, to say the least, bordering on contempt. As I looked around upon the audience, an incident of Roman history occurred to my mind. When Tatus, the Sabine king, attacked the Capitoline hill, Tarpeia, daughter of the officer who commanded it, betrayed the place, opened one of the gates, and admitted the soldiery, while they in contempt of her conduct, threw on her their bucklers as they entered into the city, and crushed her beneath the weight. If I had been in the place of my countrymen, Mr. Editor, I confess I should have felt, while scanning many intelligent countenances, that it would be wise to beware of the bucklers.

After all, the most unfair and mischievous part of brother C.'s address was, that he should so speak, as to leave on the minds of the audience an impression that the design of the Convention at Philadelphia, if not of the new Bible Society, was to get up a new English version. True, he did not state this in so many words, yet what else could the audience infer from the tenor of his closing remarks, so highly, (and I would add, so deservedly) extolling the present version, and then conjuring every body by all that is sacred, and venerable, and holy, to "let it alone." Did he not know that the friends of the A. and F. B. S. were, almost to a man, as anxious to let it alone as he himself? Did he not know that at the Convention, the design of making a new version was expressly disallowed; and by almost every speaker, referred to, only to be condemned? Did he not know that by the President of the new Society, a resolution was prepared and read to the Convention, resolving to circulate no other than the common version of the English Scriptures, and which resolution would have been presented to the Convention, had they finally resolved to commence domestic operations?

Brother C. must have been aware that an erroneous impression had very generally been formed among the members of other denominations, as to the design of the Convention at Philadelphia, viz., that the object was to take measures to prepare a new English version. Now who can doubt, that listened to his remarks, that their tendency was to strengthen and confirm this erroneous notion. Be it known therefore, that the Baptist Convention at Philadelphia, had nothing to do with the project of a new English version, and that so far from the Baptists of the United States, as a body, favoring such a design, they would, almost unanimously, disapprove of it as unnecessary and unwise. The exhortations, long and loud of brother C., therefore, to let it alone, might have well been spared. I have heard remarks in reference to the speech of the other Baptist brother who addressed the meeting; as I left the house before that gentleman spoke, I feel neither qualified nor disposed to make any remarks upon his address.

It is not my practice, as you know, Mr. Editor, to affix my name to newspaper communications, yet as this article is necessarily personal, I will not hide myself behind the curtain of an anonymous signature.

JOHN DOWLING.

New-York.

From the Chronicle of the Church.
Letter from the Rev. Dr. Savage, (son of the late Josiah Savage, Esq. of Middletown, this State.)

Maryland, Liberia, Western Africa, Dec. 28, 1836.

I have the great satisfaction of informing you that I arrived at this place—my future home—on Sunday last, the 25th inst., in perfect health. I have already informed you of my visit to Monrovia, and of our truly kind and brotherly reception by the Rev. Mr. Seyes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at that place. On our way we stopped at Edina and Bassa Cove. In attempting to land, our boat was capsized by the violence of the sea, and the Rev. Mr. White, Missionary of the American Board, with myself, narrowly escaped a watery grave.—This was but an additional instance of Divine interposition in my behalf, so often experienced in my short life, and calls in tones of increasing energy for a more direct and exclusive devotion to God and his service. I pray that my hitherto unprofitable life may be made subservient to his glory in the salvation of at least one African soul. But a few days before, two officers and seven seamen belonging to the U. S. Frigate Potomac, were drowned in crossing the same bar. "What are we, oh God, that thou shouldest thus interpose in our behalf? Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord! but unto thy name, be all the glory, and all the praise of our preservation."

I made particular inquiry respecting the property of making the Bassa country a Missionary Station. The Bassas are an interesting people, are very desirous of having their children instructed, and are estimated in number at about 125,000. Mr. Barton, Methodist Missionary at Edina, informed me that he could within ten days obtain five hundred children.—This opinion is founded upon the strong desire which their parents had expressed to him in every direction for their improvement. Encouraging accounts were given likewise by Messrs. Cricker and Mylne, of the Baptist Board, Missionaries at the same station. I accordingly recommend the Bassa country to the Board, as a promising Missionary field, and as one proper to be constituted at once a station. I am much pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. They have a very interesting school of native boys and girls. Every thing connected with the Mission gives evidence of their faithfulness and capability to fill the important post with which they have been intrusted. I expect in my next to be able to give a highly interesting account to the board of their labors. Mr. Thompson has accomplished much on the Mission premises. Three acres are under good cultivation. He has broken to the yoke the first pair of bullocks in the colony. Has cows and goats from which he obtains milk sufficient for his purposes, ducks, fowls, &c. He has erected on the ground a small house with thatched roof, where he resides during the week. He has his school, and is thus enabled to superintend what laborers he has hitherto obtained.—He has excavated a well from which I have drunk most delightful water; it cost about six dollars only. His family has all this time resided at the Cape in an unfinished house, and with whom, by obtaining a lodging room elsewhere, I am now comfortably and happily situated. We hope within the coming month to be able to move out to the Mission house. I am happy to say that Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are worthy of all confidence. God has signalized our mission in raising up such servants. In their self-denying labors, he sends over a voice to the church at home for the prayer of faith—for

fully vowed to live to his service, upon these bleeding, benighted shores. My dear Sir, I am sincere when I say, that I had rather have been on Sunday last and now, James M. Thompson, the colored teacher of the benighted African, in the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, than the hero of the world.

Most Christians at the South will deny that they owe Africa any debt. They affirm that GOD authorizes them to own an African as a chattel like as a plough, a wagon, a horse, or an ox, if they can only find money enough to pay for a bill of sale of the article. Besides, they will tell you that the *debt* was paid to Africa originally in New England Rum, jack knives, beads, guns, gun powder, flints, old iron, &c. &c. and as by these means "her long lost sons" have become our PROPERTY, who can of right demand their return.

Very true; and is not "America" under equal, yet greatly enhanced obligation, to carry the same word of God into every family of Africa's "long lost sons" in the land of their bondage? And the more so, since those who rivet their chains, pocket the avails of unrequited labor, performed by the bondman all the days of his life? But why risk health, expend money, make voyages to Africa, and there die, to teach free but heathen Africans to read the word of God, when the same favor is prohibited to her "long lost sons" in this Christian land, by laws the violation of which is in many cases DEATH to the offender.

True, the bounties of a munificent Providence we have received *freely*, but not so the "long lost sons" of Africa. They were chained when captivated; chained while they made the deadly "Middle passage," chained when landed upon our shores; chained when sold under the Auctioneer's hammer. They were received by coercion;—and who that holds them as slaves will now respond to the language of the benevolent Jesus, and "freely give" them to themselves, and give them freely the word of God, and teach them to read it? Ah! Who? Remember—"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Subterfuges will then be unavailing.

For the Secretary.

Extract of a letter from a member of a Presbyterian Church in Bethany, N. Y. to her uncle in this city.

We have been engaged in attending a protracted meeting which has been held here. A union meeting we trust it was, in heart and deed. The brethren of six churches came up in unity to work for the Lord of hosts; viz:—one Baptist, two Presbyterian, two Methodists, and one free-will Baptist. Thus we find the people of God, of every name, can come together and labor for the salvation of souls. And truly it has not been in vain; for the blessing of the Lord has attended. Our meeting continued about thirty days. There are two large meeting houses, both of which were occupied; one for prayer and anxious meetings, the other for preaching. We were blessed with the labors of fourteen ministers of the gospel during the progress of the meeting. Seventy sermons were delivered; and I believe if ever the gospel was preached with power and energy, it was here. Truly, truly, the people of Bethany have been called in numerous ways to seek the one thing needful. Yet a multitude seem to care nothing about it. Quite a number have indulged a hope of the pardon of their sins, and are now rejoicing in a crucified Saviour. Christians have been greatly revived, and strengthened, and we feel the necessity in some measure to live unreverently for the service of God. The Baptist church is blessed with the labors of a man who I believe is an excellent and devoted minister of the gospel, and is much esteemed; his name is Stimpson. Our church are at present without a pastor.

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, JUNE 3, 1837.

Causes of Religious Declension, particularly those which have occasioned the present low state of Religion among different denominations of Christians. By Jeremiah Chaplin.

This is a little volume just published by "Canfield & Robins," of this city. It makes its appearance at the request of the Board of the Connecticut Baptist Convention, before whom it was originally read by the author, and intended for their annual address to the Churches of the State. The subject upon which it treats, is one of unspeakable importance, and demands the serious and prayerful consideration of the whole Christian Church. If, as intimated by Dr. Chaplin, the various denominations of Christians are actually in a state of declension, it behoves them to ponder the fact, to ascertain its causes, and apply an appropriate and immediate remedy. In the church, matters are seldom stationary; if they are not progressive, they are proceeding in retrograde direction. If we are not declining, our condition will only become worse and worse, till perhaps *Iehabod*, "the glory has departed" shall be written on our desolate and deserted Churches.

There is every reason to believe that the *fact* announced by our brother on the very title page of his book, is but too true. The Church has been too secure, too self confident, and too selfish, to advance in purity and power. She has caught the *mania* of the unconverted world, and grasped after the *riches* and *enjoyments* of earth, and in the race of pride, ambition and worldliness, has lost her simplicity, meekness and faith.

Besides, she has loved *excitement*, *parade*, and *power*, and too much longed after wealth and numbers, without acting upon the principle, that "it is not by might, nor by power, but by the spirit of the Lord," that the world is to be converted, or recognizing the fact, that "God hath chosen the poor of the world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom."

The rage for pecuniary speculation, especially in this country;—the love of change,—the confidence inspired by worldly prosperity, and the all pervading

spirit of "Mammon," have infested the Church, and benumbed her energies.

Religious controversies about new and old Divinity; a want of directness and simplicity in preaching the Gospel, an academical and rhetorical style of address on the part of the preacher,—Religious metaphysics,—itching ears on the part of the people;—fashionable Religion;—intimate associations with the world by professors of Religion;—heresies in the church, and above all the *heresy* that religious men can serve God and mammon, have been eating out the purity, and power of the Church, for several years past.

And now, what is to be done? Here is the disease, *feaful* in itself, and increasing with terrible virulence. What then is the remedy? We reply, to return to first principles, especially those which relate to humility, self denial, prayer, and active exertion in the cause of God. This *must* be done, or we are lost,—lost, beyond recovery.

We think Dr. Chaplin's little book well timed, judicious and searching. He describes both the disease and the remedy; and although we could wish we had discussed some topics more fully, and dwelt more at large, and with a more specific reference, and description, upon the *peculiar causes* which have brought the church into its present condition of declension, we cannot but regard his book, not only as a well written, but a most appropriate and able effort both to probe, and to heal the wound, what is now festering in the Church.

We are happy to find a chapter devoted to an exposure of an extensively prevalent error "that the influence of Religious principle cannot be expected in most cases to be steady and constant." From this chapter we shall make extracts hereafter.

We hope in conclusion that Dr. Chaplin's little book will be extensively circulated, and that every professor will have an opportunity of reading it.

SCOTUS.

The *Christian Review* for June, is received. Contents.—The Production of Happiness the Object of God, in creating and upholding the World.—American Poetry.—Religious Denominations in the United States.—Bloomfield's Greek Testament.—Wayland's Political Economy.—Ministerial Education.—Infidel.—Ripley's Notes on the Gospels.—Literary Notices.—Miscellaneous Intelligence.

Sabbath School Treasury, June number, is at hand. Contents.—The Better Land.—Adult Classes.—Henry the Negro.—Sabbath Schools designed for all Ages.—Charles St. Baptist Sabbath School.—Extract from a letter to the Editor.—Minister's and Deacon's Children.—God does a part and the Sinner a part.—*Juveni's Department*.—An Evening Hymn.—Modesty in Youth.—To S. S. Children.—Thou shalt not Steal.—Interesting Fact.—What do you to Sunday School for? *Teachers' Department*.—A Sabbath Scholar in an Infidel Family.—Secret Devotion.—Suggestions for Teachers.—New England S. S. Depository.—Music.—I love to see the Glowing Sun.

Quarterly Anti-Slavery Magazine.—The last No containing 126 pages, is just received. Contents.—Slavery and the Biblical Reportory, by Rev. Samuel Crothers.—Slavery and the Constitution, by Rev. S. J. May.—Is Slavery from Above or Beneath?—The Cruelty of Slavery.—Foreign Intelligence, West India Apprenticeship.—Domestic Affairs.—New Publications.

We are requested to give notice that the Installation of Brother TURNBULL will take place at the South Baptist Church, on Tuesday, the 13th of June.

B. S., came duly to hand, and as the thoughts are very well, it shall have a place as soon as we can find time to write it over, and render it intelligible to the compositor.

We have also been kindly furnished with two or three touching effusions from the pen of Sister Vinton, in Burmah, which may appear in our next. Should like to add extracts from the letters last received from her, if her friends think best to forward them.

DROWNED.

In this city, on Friday, the 26th inst., Miss ELIZABETH A. MERROW, aged 16 years, youngest daughter of widow Betsey Merrow.

She left her mother's house about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, in company with two sisters and a brother, for an excursion of pleasure in a small boat, which was accidentally upset and precipitated them all into the water. The other three narrowly escaped. A warning to all.

Extract of a letter from a Pastor in this State. The views of the writer (and his church) are coincident with those of other efficient pastors and churches so far as we know, and go far to explain the mysterious diminution of funds for the aid of feeble Churches. One hundred dollars are forthcoming from this church only twenty of which are for the Convention to appropriate. Such facts should arouse the attention of all to remove if possible existing disaffection. He says,

* * * * "Your remarks respecting the custom of huddling half a dozen Society meetings together in two days, are worthy of regard, and I hope will have their influence. I hope due time will be spent in deliberating on the state of the feeble churches in Conn., and that some good plan will be devised and put in motion for their benefit; so that the confidence of the churches may be secured in the domestic operations of the board. It appears to me that for two years at least, we need a good man to travel as a general missionary, so that the Board may have a full knowledge of the condition of the churches, and where their efforts will, with the divine blessing, be most productive. Until this, or some other efficient plan is adopted, I am persuaded that very little money will be given for domestic missions. For my part, I do not feel prepared at present to give, or ask others to give, to this object, which certainly demands, most imperatively, the first and chief attention of the Convention."

LET TO THE BAPTIST CHURCHES IN FAIRFIELD COUNTY, AND VICINITY.

Dear Brethren,

A meeting for consultation respecting the expediency of forming a new Association in the south-western section of this State, was held with the church in Reading, on the 11th ult. All the Pastors in this County, one licentiate, and two deacons, were in attendance, who were unanimous in the opinion that if the churches in this region would generally concur in the measure, the formation of a New Association should be attempted as soon as practicable. We agreed to lay the matter before our respective churches and request the appointment of delegates to meet on Tuesday the 20th of next month, at 2 o'clock, P. M. for further consultation on the matter. We were kindly invited by Br. Wm. Wakeman, who was present with us, to hold our proposed meeting at his house in Wilton, near the turnpike, leading from Norwalk to Danbury, nine miles North of the former place. The invitation was accepted, and you are hereby affectionately requested to appoint a delegate or delegates to attend the aforesaid meeting.

J. G. COLLOM.

Danbury, May 26, 1837.

General Intelligence.

PROCLAMATION

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Whereas, great and weighty matters claiming the consideration of the Congress of the United States, form an extraordinary occasion for convening them, I do, by these presents, appoint the first Monday of September next for their meeting at the city of Washington: hereby requiring the respective Senators and Representatives then and there to assemble in congress in order to receive such communications as may then be made to them, and to consult and determine on such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States, to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the city of Washington, the fifteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and of the independence of the United States the sixty-first.

M. VAN DUREN.

By the President:

JOHN FOASSEN, Secretary of State.

Additional particulars of the loss of the Ben Sherrod.—The Natchez papers contain further particulars of the deplorable loss of the Ben Sherrod. At the time she took fire, she was engaged in a race with the steamer Prairie; and the fire took from the great heat of the boilers; and the steam was raised to its extreme power; a barrel of whiskey was placed on deck for the use of the hands during the race, who drank to excess and became intoxicated.

At about 12 o'clock at night, the furnace became so heated that it communicated fire to the wood, of which there was on board about sixty cords. When the crew discovered the fire, they all left their posts and ran for the yawl without giving any alarm to the passengers, who were all asleep in their berths. The captain for a time attempted to allay the extreme confusion by stating that the fire was extinguished; twice he forbade the lowering of the yawl which was attempted by the deck hands and passengers. The shrieks of nearly three hundred persons on board now rose wild and dreadful. "The cry was to the shore!" to the shore! and the boat made for the starboard shore, but did not gain it, as the wheel rope might have given way, or the pilot been driven by the flames from his station. The steam was not let off, and the boat kept to excess and became intoxicated.

The yawl which had been filled with the crew was sunk, drowning some who were in it, and the passengers had no other alternative than to jump overboard, without taking even time to dress. There were ten ladies on board, who all went overboard without uttering a single scream, some drowning instantly and others clinging to planks—two of the number were finally saved. Some of the passengers are supposed to have burnt upon board the Ben Sherrod—one man by the name of Ray, from Louisville, Ky., hung to a rope at the bow of the boat, until taken up by the yawl of the steamboat Columbus, which arrived about half an hour after the commencement of the disaster, on her downward passage. Mr. Ray's face and arms were much burnt while clinging to the boat in the above position—he lost \$20,000 in Natchez and United States paper.

The steamboat Alton arrived half an hour after the Columbus, but from the carelessness or indiscipline of those on board, was the means of drowning many persons who were floating in the water. She drove into the midst of the exhausted sufferers, who were too weak longer to make exertion, and by the commotion occasioned by her wheels, drowned a large number.

A gentleman by the name of Hamilton, from Limestone county, Alabama, was floating on a barrel and sustaining also a lady, when the Alton drove up and washed them both under—the lady was drowned, but Mr. Hamilton came up and floated down the river fifteen miles, when he was taken up by the steamer States.

Mr. McDowell attributes the drowning of his wife to the indiscretion of the managers of the Alton, as she was floating safely on a plank at that time. Mr. McDowell sustained himself some time against the current, so that he only floated two miles down the river, when he swam ashore ten miles above Fort Adams.

Mr. Rundell floated down the river ten miles and was taken up by a flat boat at the mouth of Buffalo creek. He saved his money in his pantaloons pocket, but lost one thousand dollars worth of freight. Mr. McDowell lost his wife, son, a lady, Miss Francis Few, who was under his protection, and a negro servant. Mr. McDowell feels himself under great obligations to Mr. Wm. Stamp's family for reaching the shore. Mr. Rundell acknowledges kind attention from the same source.

There were 235 persons on board, of which not more than sixty escaped, leaving one hundred and seven only five drowned, including the Captain's 3 children and his father. His wife was picked up by a flat boat badly burnt. The following are the names of some of the ladies lost:

Mrs. McDowell, of Belfont, South Alabama. Mrs. Gamble and 3 children, of New Orleans. Miss Frances Few, of Belfont, South Alabama.

Mr. Smith, of Mobile, saved.

The following are the names of the passengers saved by the steamer Statesmen:

Thompson Duvall, Shelby co. Indiana.

Matthew M. Orne, Natchez.

Thomas W. Blagg, Alabama.

J. S. Lowe, Tennessee.

Chas. W. Andrews, Yates co. N. Y.

Cantin Macon, Cincinnati.

Wm. Wallace, New York.

John Montgomery, Indiana.

James O. Phillips, do.

J. W. Brent, Pecan Point.

John Dacus.

Edward Bushman.

Edward H. Curris, Indiana.

John N. Williams, do.

John Blanc, New Orleans.

John A. Davis, Florence, Ala.

Daniel Marshall, Moscow, Ind.

Erasmus Griggs, Marietta, Ohio.

A. Randall, Rocky Springs, Md., left at Fort Adams.

James P. Wilkinson, Richmond, Va.

Ephraim Stanfield.

W. T. Gamble and son, New Orleans, left at Fort Adams.

Rosamond P. Andrews.

A. H. Hartley, Arkansas.

John Lowney, Ind.

Hugh Simpson, Tenn.

Constantine Mahan, Ohio.

Patrick H. Wadkins, Bedford co. Va.

In addition to the foregoing, Capt. Hard states that he and the man at the wheel discovered the light of the Ben Sherrod on fire as soon as he entered the Mississippi from Red river, 15 miles below Fort Adams. Capt. Hard met the Columbus and Alton floating down with the current, for the purpose of picking up the unfortunate sufferers. How many they saved he does not know.

The Ben Sherrod, at the moment of the last explosion on board, sunk instantly, about a mile and a half from Fort Adams, on the right hand.

May 26.

The Connecticut Baptist Convention will hold its fourteenth annual meeting on Wednesday, the 14th of June next, at 9 o'clock A. M., at the South Baptist Meeting-house in Hartford.

The annual Sermon will be delivered in the evening.

The Board of the Connecticut Literary Institution, are requested to meet at the Meeting-house of the South Baptist Church, in Hartford, on Tuesday the 13th of June, immediately after the meeting of the Board of the Connecticut Baptist Education Society.

GEO. PHIPPE, Sec'y.

Upper Middletown, June 2.

NOTICE.

The Connecticut Baptist Bible Society will hold its annual meeting at the Vestry of the South Baptist Meeting

POETRY.

THE sudden and untimely death of an interesting and lovely daughter of the Rev. G. Robins of this city, was noticed in our last paper. The following beautiful lines in memory of the deceased, communicated to the family by a sympathizing friend who witnessed "the last sad scene," may afford a small degree of consolation to the bereaved mourners so greatly need.—*Pat. and Dem.*

THOUGHTS AT A FUNERAL.

H. C. R., AGED 17.

Oh, is this Death?—So beautiful!
A smile is on that lip,
As if the sleeper, in her dreams
Of loved companionship,
Were out upon the sunny hill,
Where flower and leaf are springing
To life and light,—and the song of birds
Through the quiet air is ringing.

Oh, is this Death?—On that fair cheek
The hues of health still glow,
As when the tide of youthful life,
In its wonted course did flow;—

And calm and sweet as an infant's sleep
When the light of morn is breaking,
She seems to sleep.—Is this the rest
That hath no earthly waking?

Oh, is this Death?—a father's look—
A mother's streaming tears—
A flow of anguish—bitter—deep—
As the pent up grief of years;

And brothers—sisters—lover here,
Their love—their loss disclosing,—
And the calm, unconscious sleeper near,
In a dreamless sleep reposing!

And this is Death!—a swelling sigh
From many a bosom breaks,
And saddened face and tearful eye,
The mournful sentence speaks.

They speak of a loved one, lost and gone—
Of youth and beauty faded,
As fade the delicate buds of Spring,
When the sun's warm light is shaded.

Oh, this is Death!—a pulseless heart—
A voice now hushed and still—
A vacant seat at board and hearth,
Which time may never fill;—

A grassy mound in the lone church yard—
A stone—a bending willow,
To mark the spot where he hath made
The lovely sleeper's pillow!

Yes! she is dead!—Hath lapse of time—
Hath Faith no balm to pour
Upon the stricken hearts that now,
Their early loss deplore?—

Hath tender sympathy no gift,
When such fond hopes have withered?—
When the loved—the young—the beautiful—
To the silent grave are gathered?

Forbid the thought!—let not Despair
Its deeper darkness bring,
Nor pale Distress around the heart:
Its icy coldness fling!—

Mourner—look up! the star of Hope—
The eye of Faith is given,
To guide—to see her better rest—
Her happier home in Heaven!

Hartford, May, 1837.

M. G.

The following article is inserted for what it is worth. One would suppose it came from the same pen which wrote the famous hoax called discoveries in the moon. The expression of doubt may subject us to a charge of ignorance; but it so, we do doubt, see.

A SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE.

The spontaneous generation of organized living creatures, in various substances, was long one of the greatest mysteries in natural philosophy; and to those philosophers whose views of the economy of creation were arbitrarily bounded by pre-conceived theories, it was deemed a mystery that fearfully invaded the doctrine of a first great cause and contriver of all created things. They saw that mites grew spontaneously in cheese, without any external cause to produce them, and that the creatures were perfectly and even exquisitely constructed. They saw that most other substances when in a state of decay, gave birth to an infinite variety of new and beautiful existence quite peculiar to those substances; and subsequently, when the improved powers of the microscope became applied to this branch of scientific inquiry, they found that there was no vegetable or animal matter which would not generate them. The hardest piece of bone, the most solid piece of oak or other wood; and in some instances, even stones and metals, infused in water, would become prolific with them, in a few hours; and these curious and almost endlessly diversified creatures, which were hence called *infusoria*, opened a new, ever varying, and apparently boundless world to the curiosity of mankind. At length, and within these few years past, it was discovered that there is scarcely any substance in the three kingdoms of nature, whether natural or artificially modified, but what is impregnated with the principles of animal life, and capable of producing organized beings.

But even this discovery, profound and sublime as it appears, is quite superficial and humble, when compared to the one which we are about to describe, and which is well calculated to startle the mind with the mysterious force of a miracle. We have already enumerated many interesting additions to science contributed by the British Scientific Association, a new and learned society, which bids fair to arrive at great eminence. At its late meeting in Bristol, Mr. Andrew Cross, an experimental philosopher, long secluded among the Quantock Hills of Somersetshire, completely electrified a large and intelligent audience by his astonishing improvements and operations in electricity and galvanism. It appeared that he had raised

galvanic action in a hundred different ways and with all sorts of materials; that he had discarded acids as comparatively useless in this experiment, and had produced his most perfect results, and remarkable changes of substances by using simply water and lime in its galvanic troughs; and that he had succeeded in making not only a splendid series of regular crystals, but also the germs of various metals from pulverized stones. He described several discoveries which he had made in the laws of electricity among which was, 'that the intensity of all electrical action is at a maximum degree from 7 to 10 in the morning, and a minimum from 7 to 10 in the evening, the one being ten times greater than the other'; and several gentlemen present who had visited his mountain residence, stated that his electrical apparatus was the most stupendous that had ever been formed; many of the wires, &c., extended twenty miles in length, and the terror of his machinations, in the neighborhood has been, for years a security for the game in the preserves through which they passed, against the incursions of the poacher.

In the course of this extraordinary man's operations with the galvanic fluid, he adopted the following process to make some kind of crystals, but with a very different and truly wonderful result. Having burnt a flint to a white heat, he pulverized it, and thoroughly saturated the lime which it formed, with muriatic acid, which it is well known will instantly destroy every living creature to which it may be applied. This mixture being put into a jar, a piece of flannel was suspended in it, and left to hang over the edge on the outside, so as to filter off the fluid by capillary attraction. Falling through a funnel, the drops were received on a piece of iron stone brought from Mount Vesuvius, and which prior to the experiment had again been heated to a white heat, so that no germs of life could be supposed to exist within it. On this metallic stone were laid the two wires connected with the poles of the galvanic battery. He attentively watched the action of the fluid for several days, with the expectation of seeing a commencement of crystallization, but was disappointed. On the fourteenth day, he saw some small white specks upon the stone, which he concluded were incipient crystals, and which four days afterwards, acquired an oval form. On the twenty-second day he was astonished to perceive eight legs protruding from each of the specks! but he thought these little protrusions could not really be legs, and scarcely ventured to believe that he had evolved a vital principle until the twenty-sixth day, when he indubitably saw that his experiment had produced perfectly organized insects, which *lived* and *moved*, and *fed*! yes, actually fed, upon the pulverized flint out of which the galvanic fluid had created them. Their structure and motions were perfectly visible to the naked eye, they were of a gray color, or, in shape something like the mite; with eight legs, numerous bristles round the edges of the body, and four longer bristles extending from the tail; and they evidently fed upon the silicious particles contained in the muriatic acid. A second experiment, conducted in the same way, produced precisely the same results.

It has long been our opinion that the electric fluid, of which the galvanic is but a modification, is the generative principle of the Universe. There is probably no particle of matter which does not contain it; it seems to be co-extensive with the planetary creation, and to form the elemental agent in the laws of attraction and repulsion, by which the whole celestial and terrestrial economy is governed. If then it be true, as many philosophers reasonably believe, that silicious and other rocks are composed of the remains of animalcule, and contain their latent germs, the vitality of which nothing can destroy, we may partially conceive how pulverized silice, under the combined action of a powerful acid and the galvanic fluid, might call those germs to life. But the most interesting inference to be drawn from this grand experiment, and from the whole history of the spontaneous generation of insects, is, that the entire design of creation is founded upon a principle of benevolence. Why else should all nature abound with the germs of life? Why else should conscious existence or their elements compose the greater part of creation? We cannot conceive a higher or more distinct exercise of benevolence in a Divine First Cause, than that of creating creatures out of nothing that they might live and enjoy.

New Era.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL.

Why the above very inappropriate name has been given to this wild, yet stupendously grand reservoir of pure cold water, I cannot conceive. However, thus it is; this "hole in the rock" is recorded in the town survey of Moores, in Clinton county, New-York, as the "Devil's Punch Bowl." Other places in our own country, and in Europe have similar misnomers. Possibly the mind naturally associates the archfiend and punch together. None but a devil, or an inspired agent of his at least, could be guilty of mingling a fluid fit only for the throat and stomach of a fiend, with the sweet waters contained in the rock-girt fountain which I now purpose to describe.

Two or three years ago, as we were returning from the old Chazy camp ground, I observed the western prospect to be bounded by a long range of table land, as sailors call it, which forcibly reminded me of some parts of Cuba, as seen from a distance when at sea. On inquiring, I found it was called the "Flat Rock." It is a continuous mass of flat rocky land, from two to eight miles wide, running north and south from twenty-five to thirty miles, and scantily covered with dwarf cherry, stunted birch, and young poplars; the interstices being filled up by the rock-loving whortleberry. In the season, parts of the rock are covered by hundreds of all ages and sexes, gathering bushels of the ripe blue fruit for winter

pies and puddings. A brother, whose house is on the main road, informed me that he had counted in one afternoon, a procession of seventy different vehicles, containing on an average three individuals each, returning from this great berry gathering.

The next year, being stationed on the Champlain circuit, I accepted an invitation from old father Shadden to visit a grazing farm belonging to him, and situated on the rise of land which forms the ascent to the northern end of this flat rock. Immediately back of this farm, and on the summit of the rock, is the spot named at the head of this article. I took this opportunity to give it a cursory examination. On returning to Champlain village, the report given to several gentleman there, induced them to form a party to explore it more fully. The sunrise of a beautiful July morning found us several miles on the way, rattling over the road, and amply provided with refreshments, two or three hundred feet of sounding line and lead, fire-arms, axes, &c. After a brisk ride of some ten or fifteen miles, we halted on the top of a noble hill, and let our horses crop the luxuriant white and red clover which covered its sides and summit to their knees.

What a landscape! We were within half a mile of the Canada line, and before us lay spread a spur of the great valley of the St. Lawrence, which stretching away to the southeast, held in its broad bosom the placid waters of the Lake Champlain, basking in the morning sun, sweeping around its bays and headlands, and studded with green islands! Beyond, "Alp on Alp" arose in rugged masses, the granite and limestone of the Green Mountains. Old Mansfield and Camel's Rump towered proudly pre-eminent, their summits locked in the snows of countless winters; throwing back impervious the light and heat of the summer's sun, and dwelling forever in frozen darkness. Far to the northeast the valley rose and fell in gentle undulations, covered with heavy timber, and looming in the blue haze like an inland sea, across whose surface fled now and then passing cloud measuring the distance with rapid flight, till it broke amid the domes and steeples of Montreal, or mingled with the waters of the rapid St. Lawrence, rolling along by the sides of the rock, bushes, &c. we prepared to make fast to an old fallen tree which lay in the weeds at its head. While this was doing, the writer was busily engaged coiling down the lead line, when an exclamation of surprise from his companion, caused him to look up, and he found the raft was at the mouth of a beautifully arched cavern, or rather niche in the face of the rock. It appeared to be about forty feet high to the apex—some fifteen wide at the base, by fifteen deep;—regular as if fashioned by the hand of art, and in form resembling an immense Gothic recess. The inside was entirely coated with a glazing of lime, and a few stalactites hung pendant from the top.

After examining a few moments this noble specimen of nature's giant masonry, we fastened our line to the fallen tree, and let our frail raft drop with the current to about the centre of the bowl; run out our lead line until it struck bottom, marked it at the surface, and on hauling it in, found it had sunk to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet more!—making in all a depth, from the top of the chasm to the bottom, of three hundred feet! Several other places were tried, and the least depth found was forty feet. This was within a few feet of the rocks. The whole width of the chasm was about twenty rods; its length about sixty.

The sides, from their similarity, were once evidently a solid mass, and rent from each other by some strong convulsion of nature, and the brook having filled up the fissure to its own level, now quietly passes over the mass of water beneath, and pursuing its course some twenty miles farther, falls into the lake below.

On regaining the party above, we sat down to a hearty repast, and then gathering our forces, we proceeded to examine the basin and its floating island already mentioned. It is indeed singular.

A basin of water about twenty rods in diameter, is enclosed at its upper end by a semi-circular wall of rock some twenty feet high, over which the brook mentioned above, pitches in a smooth unbroken sheet, and fills it with pure sweet water.

From one side extends a bed of moss, reaching about half way over, and near the middle of this bed are several small pine trees, four or five inches through, and about eighteen or twenty feet high! Report says that cattle and horses have been seen on the bed, and that they may go over with impunity. At all events we walked freely over it, thrusting stakes and poles through it with scarcely an effort.

On standing awhile, you perceive the bed settle gradually around you, and by an effort you may sink up to your knees, or arms in water. Having proceeded to the edge we threw up our lead, and found about twenty feet depth of water. Whether the moss, or rather vine-like grass, received its nourishment from the rocky shore, or sends its roots to the bottom, which is of muddy slime, we did not determine. At all events there are some small shrubs and cranberry vines at the outer edge, which, if not parasitical, must send their roots through twenty feet of water to find bottom.

The sun was declining when we started for home, and a few pigeons were seen skimming their way in rapid flights over this desolate region. These excepted, not an animal, living or dead, had been seen during the whole excursion. Again the noble landscape lay spread before us; but the strongly marked features—the vividness of its coloring, were softening away in the mellowed rays of the setting sun, as our range of vision decreased by a rapid descent until we were enclosed in the gloom of the forest at its foot, amid the gathering shades of night. Fatigued with exertion and excitement, we reached our homes late in the evening, and retired to sleep and dream of all the wonders of the day.

J. W. B. Wood.
Fort Edward, N. Y. Feb. 21.

and also the depth of the pool. Various efforts to do this from above failing, the writer, with another one of the party, succeeded by going farther down the glen, in getting to the edge of the water at its outlet. Here we found an old raft, and taking a large pole, pushed it out upon the surface fairly afloat. But we had reckoned without our host, for our pole would not reach the bottom, and the still waters proved to have a rapid current; and away we went broadside to, until we brought up all standing among the brush and weeds of the outlet to leeward of our place of departure. So much for my first trip at inland navigation.

After various awkward efforts, we succeeded at last in reaching the spot under the place occupied by the party above. We then directed them to take a large coil of the line in one hand, and hurl the lead over our heads as far into the stream as they could. A rumbling, indistinct noise was heard in reply; for echo, in a frolic, seemed determined to make amends for her long silence, by seizing every word they uttered, and rolling them back and forth until they fell disjointed and broken into an unintelligible jargon on our perplexed ears. On comparing notes afterward, we learned from those above, that they could distinctly hear our conversation below, while not a word was clear when uttered above, even in their greatest efforts to be distinct. When away went the lead, drawing out the line in an immense spiral arch of which it formed the base, until it dipped into the pool with a sullen "chugg," and sunk fathom after fathom, with decreasing rapidity, until at last the line became suddenly slack—the lead had reached the bottom. The upper end of the line having been previously made fast, it was now hauled taught below, marked and measured, showing the height of the precipice to be one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular! We now proceeded to sound the bowl itself. Pulling along by the sides of the rock, bushes, &c. we prepared to make fast to an old fallen tree which lay in the weeds at its head. While this was doing, the writer was busily engaged coiling down the lead line, when an exclamation of surprise from his companion, caused him to look up, and he found the raft was at the mouth of a beautifully arched cavern, or rather niche in the face of the rock. It appeared to be about forty feet high to the apex—some fifteen wide at the base, by fifteen deep;—regular as if fashioned by the hand of art, and in form resembling an immense Gothic recess. The inside was entirely coated with a glazing of lime, and a few stalactites hung pendant from the top.

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A. M. Certified from Record.

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March 13.

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NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, in the firm of Hills and Judson, is hereby mutually dissolved from, and after this date.

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